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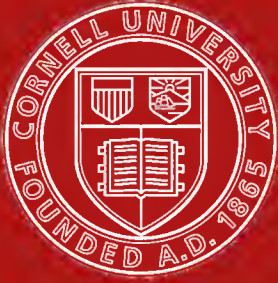
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Robin Hood. c. 1561-9.



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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Robin Hood

Date of earliest known original edition . . . c. 1561—9

[*B. M. c. 21, c. 63*]

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Robin Hood

C. 1561—9

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
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Robin Hood

C. 1561—9

This play, from apparently a unique original in the British Museum, is preceded by "A mery geste." The full title is, "A mery geste of Robyn Hoode and of hys lyfe, wyth a newe playe for to be played in Maye games, very plesaunte and full of pastyme."

William Copland (see D.N.B.) was located in 1561 "in the Vyntrre upon the Three Craned Warfe," and died between July 1568 and July 1569: these times thus approximately fix the date of issue.

Another edition was issued c. 1610 by Edward White, a copy of which, according to Greg, is in the Bodleian, who, however, makes no mention of another example formerly, according to Hazlitt, in the Huth library, who remarked that it was (1867) "the only copy known."

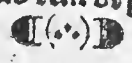
Sir Sidney Lee's article on Robin Hood (see Hood) in "The Dictionary of National Biography" should be consulted.

The reproduction of this play is satisfactory.

JOHN S. FARMER.

A mery gelle of

Robyn Hoode and of hys lyfe, wyth
a newe playe for to be played
in Maye games very ple-
saunte and full of pastyme.



Here beynneth a lyttell geſſe
of Robyn hode and his mer-
uen, and of the proude
Shryffe of Ro-
tyngham.

He and lyſten gentyl men
That be of freborne blode
I ſhall you tel of a good yeman
Hys name was Robyn hode
Robyn was a proude outlawe
whyles he walked on grounde
So curteſe an outlawe as he was one
was neuer none yfounde
Robyn ſode in Bernſdale
And lened hym a tree
And by hym lytle John
A good yeman was hee
and alſo dyd good Scathelocke
and muche the mylners ſonne
There was no enche of hys body
But it was worthe a grome
Than beſpake hym lytel John
all vnto Robyn hode
Mayſter if ye would dene betyme
it would do you muche good
Than beſpake good Robyn
To drene I haue no luſt
Tyll I haue ſome holde baron
Or ſone ynkeheth geſt
That may paye for the beſt
Or ſome knyght, or ſome ſquier
That dwelleth here by weſt

agood

A good maner then had Robyn
Inlande where that he were
Euery daye oꝝ he wold dyne
Thre masses woulde he here
The one, in the woꝝthyp of the father
The other of the holy ghoſte
The thyrde was of our dere ladye
That he leued of all other moſte
Robyn loued our dere ladye
Foz doubte of dedly synne
Woulde he neuer do company harme
That any woman was in
Maister then ſayde ytell John
And we oure boꝝde ſhall ſprede
tell vs which we ſhall gone
And what lye we ſhall lye
where we ſhall take where we ſhall leue
where we ſhall abyde behynde
where we ſhall robbe, where we ſhall reue
where we ſhall beate and bynde
Therof no ſorce ſayde Robyn
We ſhall do well ynough
But loke ye do no huſbande man harme
that tylleth with the plough
No moꝝe ye ſhall no good yeman
that walketh by grene wood ſawe
Ne no knyght ne no ſquier
That woulde be a good felowe
theſe biſshoppes and theſe Archebiſshoppes
ye ſhal them beate and bynde
the hie ſhiryfe of Notyngham
 hym holde in your mynde

Thys worde shal beholde sayd lytle Jona.
And this lesson shal we lere
It is farre dayes god sende vs a gest
That we were at our dyner
Take thy good bowe in thy hande said Robyn
Let muche wende wyth the
And so shal wylliam Scathelocke
and no man abyde wyth me
Nowe walke ye vp vnto the Sayle
and so to watlyng strete
and wayte after some vnketh gest
By chance some may re mete
Be he Earle or any Baron
abbot or any knyght
Byng hym then to lodge to me
Hys dyner shal be dyght
They went anone vnto the Sailes
these yemen all thre
They looked East they looked west
they myght no man see
but as they looked in bernisdales
By ademe strate
then came there a knyght rydyng
Full soone they gan hym mete
all droulli than was his semblaunt
and lytle was hys pryde
Hys one foote in the styrope stode
That other waured besyde
Hys hode haged ouer hys eyes two
He rode in symple aray
a sorrier man than he was one
Hode neuer on sommers day

Arttell

Letell John was curteyse
 and set hym on his knee
 welcome be ye gentyl knyght
 welcome are you to me
 welcome be thou to greene wood
 Hende knyght and free
 My maister hath abyden fastyng
 fyr all these houres three
 who is your maister sayd the knyght
 John sayde, Robyn hode
 He is a good yeoman sayd the knyght
 Of hym haue I harden muche good
 I graunt the he sayd with you to wynde
 My brethren all three
 My purpose was to haue dyed to day
 at Blythe or Bancastrye
 forth then went that gentyl knyght
 with a carefull chere
 the teares out of his eyes rane
 And fell downe be his leere
 They brought hym vnto the lodge doore
 whan Robyn gan hym see
 Full courttesly ded of his hoode
 and set hym downe on his knee
 welcome fyr knyght than sayd robyn
 welcome thou art to me
 I haue abyden fastyng fyr
 all these houres three
 Than answered the gentyl knyght
 with wordes fayre and free
 God the saue good Robyn
 and al thy sayre menye

they washed to gether and wypped bothe
And set to theyr dynere
Bread and wyne they had ynough
and nombles of the dere
Swarnes and felauntes they had full good
and foules of the ryuere
There sayleth neuer so lytle abynde
that euer was spied on byre
Do gladly Syr knyght sayd Robyn
Gra mercy syr sayd he
suche a dynere had I not
Of all these weekes thre
yf I coule agayne Robyn
Here be this countre
as good a dynere I shall the make
as thou hast made to me
I thanke the knyght then said Robyn
My dynere when I haue
By god I was neuer so gredey
My dynere for to craue
But paye or ye wende sayd Robyn
We thynketh it is good ryghte
it was neuer the maner by worthy god
a yeman to paye for a knyght
I haue nought in my cofers sayd the knyght
That I may profete for shame
Lyttel John go loke sayd Robyn hoope
Ne let not for no blame
Tel me truthe sayd Robyn
So god haue parte of thee
I haue more but .x. & sayd the knyght
So god haue parte of mee
if thou

If thou haue no more sayd Robyn
I wyll not one peny
And yf thou haue nede of any more
More I shall lende the
Go nowe forth lyile John
The truthe tell thou me
if there be no more but ten shyllinges
Not any penny that I le
Lytell John spred downe his mantell
Full sayre vpon the grounde
and there he founde in the knyghtes cofer
But etien halfe a pounde
Lytell John let it be full stell
and went to his master full lowe
what thynges John sayd Robyn
For the knyght is true
Fyll of the best wyne sayd Robyn
The knyght shall begynne
Much wonder thynketh me
The clothyn is so thynne
Tell me one worde sayde Robyn
and counsayll shall it be
I trowe thou wert made knyght of force
Or els of pemyre
Or yls els thou haste by a sorowful hande
and lyued in stroke and stryfe
an other or els a techour sayde Robyn
with wroghast thou leddeste thy lyfe
I am none of them sayd the knyght
By god that made me
an hundreth wynter here befo:e
Myne auntylers knyghtes haue be

But

But oft it hath befall Robyn
A man hat be disgrate
But god that sytteth in heauen aboue
May amende his state
Within twoo or thre yerers. Robyn he sayde
Foure hundreth pound of good money
Full well then myght I spende
Now haue I no good sayd I knyght
But my chyldren and my wyfe
God hath shopen suche an ende
Eyll god it amende
In what maner saede Robyn
Hast thou lost thy ryches
For my great folly he sayde
and for my kyndenes
I had a sonne forsothe Robyn
that shoulde haue bene thy heyre
when he was twentye yenters old
In frelde would iust full sayre
Heslewe a knyght of Lancasthyre
and alquier bolde
For to saue him in his ryght
My goodes both set and solde
My landes beset to wedd Robyn
Untyll a sactayn day
to a ryche abbot here helyde
Of saynt Mary abbay
What is the some sayd Robyn
Truth then tell thou me
Syr he sayd foure hundreth pound
the abbot tolde it to mee

Now

Now and thou loſe thy land ſayde Robyn
 What ſhall fall of thre:
 Haſtly I will me buſke ſayd the knyght
 Ouer the ſalte ſea
 And ſe where Chriſt was quicke and deade
 On the mount of Caluere
 Farewell friend and haue good day
 It ma no better bee
 Teares fell oute of his eyes two
 He would haue gone his waye
 Farewell friende ſe haue good day
 I haue no more to pay
 Where by thy friendes ſayd Robyn
 Syr neuer one will knowe mee
 Whyles I waſt the ynow at whom
 Great boſte that would they blott
 and now they cunne a waye for mee
 as beaſtes on a ſowe
 They take no more hede of me
 Than they neuer me ſawe
 For ruthe than weſt lyttel John
 Scathelocke and Duchelocke alſo
 Fyll of the bell wyne ſayde Robyn
 For here is a ſemple chere
 Haſt thou any friende ſayd Robyn
 Thy borowes that will be
 I haue none ſayd the knyght
 But god that dyed on a tree
 Do away thy tapes ſayd Robyn
 Therof will I tryght none
 weſt thou I haue god to borowe
 Peter Paule or John

pray by our lady made me to be a knight
 And hope both sunne and moone shall stand
 fynd a better dowrye sayd Robyn
 Or myn gett esther none
 I haue none other sayd the knyght
 The sothe for to saye
 But it be our deare Lady
 She sayleth me neuer of this daye
 By dere worthy god sayd Robyn
 To seche all England thow me
 yet found I neuer to my paye
 a muche better dowrye
 Come now for the wittell John
 and go to my treasure
 and bring me my houndreth pounde
 and loke it well to be
 forth than the wittell John
 and Scathelocke went before
 He tolde out four hundred pounde
 By eyghten score
 Is this well sold sayd wittell John
 John sayd what greuesth thee
 it is almes for helpe a gentle knight
 that is fall in pouertie
 Maister than saide wittell John
 his clothing is full of myne
 ye must gette the knyghts myne
 To wrappe his bodye therein
 for ye haue scake and grene
 and muche ryche aray
 here is no marchaunt in myn Englande
 So ryche I dare well saye
 take

Take him thie perdes of every colour
 And loke that well mete it be
 Lotell John take none other mesure
 But his bowe tre
 And of every handfull that he met
 He lept ouer footes thre
 What the deuis waper said letel Suche
 Thinkelle thou to be
 Scathe locke fode full fill and laught
 And sayd by god almyght
 John may geue him the better mesure
 By god it cost him but light
 Myster saide lytell John
 All vnto Robynhode
 ye must geue that knight an horse
 To lede home at this good
 take him a gray couerlet said Robyn
 And a saddle newe
 He is our ladies messenger
 God lende that it betrewe
 and a good paltry sayd lytell Suche
 to mayntayn him in his right
 and a payre of hoves sayd Scathe locke
 For he is a gentill knight
 what shal thou giue hi lytel John said Robyn
 Syr a payre of gonne spores
 To pray for all this company
 God bring him of tene
 I han shall am dape be sayd the knyght
 Syr and your wyll be
 this day twelue moneth sayd Robyn
 Under the grene wodetree

B.ii.

It were

It were great shame sayd a Robyn
A knyght alone to ryde
Without squire yeman or page
To walke by hys syde
I shall the lorde lyttle John my man
For he shall be thy knane
In a yeman stede he may stande
If thou great nede haue.

¶ The seconde yttle

Now is the knyght gone on his way
This game he thought full good
When he lokyd on Bernisdale
He blessed Robin hood
And when he thought on Bernisdale
On Scathelocke March and John
He blessed them for the best company
That euer he sawe
Then spake the gentyll knyght
To lyttel John gan he saye
To morowe I must to yorke to lorde
To saynt Mary abbe
And to the abbot of that place
Foure hundred pounde I must paye
And but I be there vpon thys nyght
My lande is loste for aye
The abbot sayde to his couerter
There he stode on grounde
This day .xii. monethes came there a knyght
And borrowed foure hundred pounde
On all his lande and fees
But he come thys yll day
Disperited shall he be.

It is

It is full early sayd the pryoure
the day is not yet farre gone
I had leuer to pay an hundredth pounde
And lay it downe anone
the knyght is fare beyonde the sea
In Englande is his right
And suffereth hunger and colde
and many a sore nyght
It were great pitie sayde the pryoure
So to haue hys lande
and ye be solyght of your conscience
ye do to hym muche wronge
thou art euer in my brede sayde the abbot
By god and sarnt richarde
with that came in a fatte headed monk
The hygh selclerere
He is dead cz hanged sayd the monke
By god that bought me dere
and we shal haue to spend in this place
foure hundredth poundes by yere
the abbot and the hergh selere
Sterte furth ful holde
the highe Iustise of Englande
the abbot there did holde
the high Iustice and many mo
had taken into their hande
Holt al the knyghtes det
to put that knyght to wronge
they demed the knyght wonderso
the abbot and hys meynye
But he come this ylike day
By herited shal be he

He wyll come yet sayde the iustice
 I dare well undertake
 But in forlowe tyme to them alle
 The knyght came to the gate
 Than helpe that gentyl knyght
 Untyll hys menye
 Nowe put on your dyngale weyes
 That ye brought fro the see
 they came to the gates anon
 the porter was redy him to see
 And welcomed them euery chone
 welcome syz knyght sayd the porter
 Mynde to meate is here
 And so is many a gentylman
 For the lord of the castle
 the porter swore a full great othe
 By god that made the world
 Here be the best corse hofe
 that euer was layd in
 Ledde them into the table he made
 that eated myght they be
 the shal not ebe theri sate
 By god that dyed on a tree
 Lordes were to meate yf they
 In that abbottes house
 the knyght went for mynde and downe
 And saluted them grete and lowe
 I gladly syz abbottes
 I am come to hold myn othe
 the first worde that the abbote spake
 Hast thou brought my myghty
 Not one penny sayd the knyght
 By god

By god that hath made me
thou art a shrewd deuter said y^e abbot
Syr iustice drinke to me
what dost thou here said the abbot
But thou haddest brought thy pay
For god than sayde the knight
to desyre you of a lenger day
thy day is broke said the iustice
Land gettest thou none
Nowe good syr iustice be my frende
and defend me from my foe
I am hold W^h abbot said y^e iustice
Bothe with cloth and fee
Nowe good syr iustice be my frende
May for god sayde he
Nowe good syr abbot be my frende
For thy curtesy
and holde my landes in thy handes
Cp^h I haue made the gre
and I will be thy true seruant
and truly serue thee
till he haue foure hundred pound
Of money good and true
the abbot sware a full create of he
By god that dyed on a tree
Get the lande where thou may
For thou gettest none of mee
By dere worthy god sayd y^e knight
that all this world hath sought
But I haue my lande agayne
full dere it shal be bought
End that was of a mayden borne

Ende

Wende vs well to spede
 For it is good a assaye a scende
 O that a man haue nede
 the abbot lothly on then gan loke
 Out he sayde thou false knyghte
 Spede the oute of my hall
 thou lyest tha sayd þ gentyll knyghte
 Abbot in thy hall
 Falle knyght was I netter
 By god that made vs all
 Un than stode that gentyll knyghte
 to the abbot sayde he
 to suffer a knyght to haele so long
 thou canst not entreprey
 In iustes and in tournement
 Full farre then haue I be
 And put my selfe as farre in prese
 as any that euer I see
 what wyl þe gyue more said þ iustic
 and the knyght shall meke a relese
 and elles dare I safelie sweare
 ye holde netter þe lande in peace
 an hundreth pounde sayd þ abbot
 the iustise sayd gyue hym a hood
 Nay by god sayde the knyghte
 ye get ye it not so
 though ye would gette a thousande more
 yet were thou netter the netter
 Shall there neuer be myne heye
 abbot iustise netter
 He sterre him to a bourde anon
 tyll a table rounde

and there he shoke out a bagge
Euen foure hundreth pounde
Halle here thi golde syr abbot said the knight
which that thou lentest me
Haddest thou bene curteis at my comynge
I would haue rewarded thee
The abbot sate still and ate no more
For all hys ropall chere
He cast his head on his shulder
and fast gan to stare
take me my gold agai sayd þe abbot
Syr Justice that I toke thee
Not a penny sayd the Justice
By god that dyed on a tre
Syr abbot and ye men of lawe
Now haue I hold my day
Now I shall haue my land agayne
For ought that you can say
The knyght stert out of the doore
away was al his care
and on he put his good clothinge
the other he left there
He went him for the ful meri sing
as men haue to be in tale
His Lady met him at the gate
at home in Weylsdale
welcome my lord sayd his Lady
Syr lost is al your good
Be mery dame sayd the knight
and pray for Robyn hoode
That euer his soule be in blysse
He holde me out of tene

Ll.

Rehad

He had not be his kyndnesse
Beggars had we ben
The abbot and I accorded ten
He serued of hys pay
The good yeman lent it me
As I came by the waye
This knight than dwelled sayre at
the so he for to saye home
Till he had got four hundreth pound
All redy for to paye
he purchaied him an hundreth bowes
the stringes were well dyght
an hundreth shefe of arrowes good
the hedes buryshed full bryght
and euery arrowe an ell longe
with peacocke well dyghte
and nocked were with white silk
It was a semely syght
he purcheied hym an hundreth men
well harneyed in that stede
and him selfe in that same sute
and clothed in whyte and rede
He bare a lounce gay in his hande
and a man ledde his mule
and rode with a light song
Unto Bernisdale
as he wot by a bridg was a tressillig
and there tarped was he
and there was all the best yeman
Of all the west countrey
a ful fayre game ther was vp set
a white bull vp pryght

A great courtes with saddle and byddle
 with golde burnished full bryght
 A payre of gloues, a read golde rynge
 a pyper of wyne in good say
 what man bereth him best wyys
 The prece shal heare away
 There was a yeman in that place
 and best worthy was he
 and for he was sayre and frend bestad
 yllayne he should haue be
 The knyght had ruth of this yeman
 In place where that he stode
 He said þ yeman shold haue no harme
 For the loue of Robyn hode
 The knyght presed into the place
 an hundreth folowed him in fere
 with bowes bent and arrowes sharpe
 For to shend that compayne
 They sholdreth and made hym come
 To wete what he would say
 He toke the yeman by the hande
 and gaue hym all the playe
 He gaue him siue mark for his wite
 There it lare then on the noble
 and bad it shold be set abroche
 and drinke that who so would
 Thus long taried this gentil knight
 Till that playe was done
 So longe abode Robyn sayyng
 the houres ofter nore

The thyrde sytte.

L.ii.

Iyth and lyften gentyll men
 Al that now be here
 Of lytell John that was the knyghtes man
 Good myghte ye shall here
 It was vpon a merry day
 That yonge men would go shute
 Lytell John set his bowe anone
 And sayde he would them mete
 Thre tymes lytel John shot about
 And alway clef the wande
 The proude thyrfye of notingham
 By the markes gan stande
 The shirife swore a full great othe
 By him that dyed on tree
 This man is the best archere
 That euer I dyd see
 Say me thou wight yonge man
 What is now thy name
 In what countrei thou wast borne
 And where is thy winnig wane
 In holdernelle I was borne
 I wys al of my dame
 When call me Reynold grenelese
 When I am at home
 Say me Reynold grenelese
 Wylt thou dwell with me
 and euery yere I wyl the gyue
 threenty marke to thy fee
 I haue a mayster said lytel John
 a curteis knight is he
 May ye get leue of hym, the better may it be
 The thyrfye gate lytell John

Cwelve

Twelue monethes of the knyght
 Therfore he gaue to him anone
 a good horse and a wyght
 Now is littel John þe chyf man
 He geue vs wel to speke
 But alway thought lytell John
 To quete him wel his mede
 Now so god helpe sayd lytell John
 And be my trwe lewte
 I shal be the worst seruaunt to him
 That euer he had yete
 It befell vpon a wednesday
 The shyfte on huntynge was gone
 And lytell John lay in his bed
 And was forget at home
 Therfore he was fastynge
 Cyl it was past thencone
 Good syr steward I pray thee
 Geue me meate sayd lytell John
 It is to long for grene lese
 Fastynge so long to be
 Therfore I pray the steward
 My dyner geue thou mee
 Shalt þe neuer eat ne drinke sayde þe ste
 warde Cyl my lord be come to town
 I make mie auow to god said littel
 John I had lete to crack thy crown
 the butler was ful vncurties
 There he stode on flore
 He stert to the buttern and het fast the doore
 Lytell John gaue the butler suche a rappe
 His backe yede nygh into

Who helyuech an hundreth wynter
the worse he shoud go
He spurned the doze with his fote
It went vp well and fync
and there he made a large lyueray
Both of all and wyne
Syth yew pl not dyne sayd litel John
I shall geue you to drynke
and though ye litle this hildreth witer
Onlytell John shall ye thenke
Lytell John eat and also dronke
the whyle that he would
the shyffe had in his kechin a coke
a stoutte man and a bolde
I mak mine a uow to god sayd y coke
thou art a shrewed hyne
In an housholde for to dwel
for to aske thus for to dyne
and there he lent lyttel John
Good strokes thee
I make myne a uowe said lyttel John
these strokes do lyke wel me
thou art a bold man and a hardy
and so thinketh me
and oz I passe fro this place
a layde better shalt thou be
Lytell John drew a good sworde
the coke toke a nother in hande
they thought nothyng to flee
But stody for to stande
there they fought toze together
two myle way and more

Myght neyther other hat me done
the moun: enaunce of an houre
I make myne arrowe to god said lytel John
and by my trewe lewte
thou art one of the best sworde men
that euer yet sawe I me
Coudest thou shote as wel in a bowe
to a rene wood thou shouldeste with me
and .ii. tymes in þe here thy clothing
I chaunged it shoulde be
and euery pere of Robynhode
twenty marke to thy fee
But by thy sworde sayd the coke
and felowes wyl we be
than he set to lytel John
the nonibles of a Do
Good bread and ful good wyde
they ate and ranke therto
and whan they had dronken well
their trouthes together they plyght
that they would be with Robyn
that ylike same day at nyght
they bred them to the treasor house
as fast as they myght gone
the lockes that were of good stile
they brake them euery chone
they toke a war spylur vessel
and all that they myght get
Peces masers and spones
would they non forget
also they toke the good: ence
thre hund: eth pounde and thre

and

And hyed the freyght to Robyn hode
Under the grene wodetree
God the saue my dere mayster
And Chyrt the saue and se
And thou sayd Robyn to lytle John
Welcome thou art to me
And so is that good yeman
That thou hast brought wyth the
what tydings from Notyngham
Lyttell John tell thou me
well the greteth the proude thyrtse
He hath send the here by me
His cope and his syluer vessell
And thre hundreth pound and thre
I make mine aduow to god sad robin
And to the trynete
It was neuer by his good wyll
this good is come to me
Lyttell John hym bethought
On a shrewed wyle. v. myle in the forest he ran
Hym happed at his wyll
than he met the proude thyrtse
Huntynge with hound and horne
Lyttell John coulde his curtepye
and kucled hym before
God the saue me dere mayster
and Chyrt the saue and se
Reynold grenclefe sayd the thyrtse
where hast thou now be
I haue now be in this forest
a fayre syght can I se
It was one of the fayrest sightes

that

That euer yet sawe I me
 ponder I le a ryght fayre harte
 Hys coloure is of grene
 Seuen score dere vpon a yerde
 We wyth hym all by dene
 Hys trades he so harpe mayster
 Of spetry and well mo
 that I durst not thote for drede
 Lest they would wredde
 I make myne anowe to god sayd the thyrpse
 that syghte would I sayne se
 Buske the thyrderwarde my dere mayster
 In none and wende with me
 The Shyriffe rode and lytel John
 Of fote he was full mart
 And whan they came afore Robyn
 To here is the maister harte
 Seyt rode the proude thyrpse
 a loy man was he
 wo worth the Reynolde grenelese
 Thou hast now betrayed me
 I make mine anowe to god sayd lytel John
 Maister ye be to blame
 I was murthered of my dyner
 whan I was with you at home
 Soone he was to souperse
 and serued with syluer whyt
 and whan the Shyriffe sawe his vessel
 For sorowe he might not eat e
 Make good chet elayd Robyn hode
 Shyriffe for charitie
 And for the loue of lyt ell John

B.i.

Thy

thy lyfe is graunted to the
 when they had slipped well
 the day was a' gone
 Roben commaunded lytel John
 to drawe of his hosen & hys thone
 his kirtel and his cote a ppe
 that was furred well and syne
 And take him a grene mantell
 To lappe his body therein
 Robyn commaunded his wight yemen
 Under the grene wood tree
 They shall lye in that sorte
 that the shryfe might them see
 Al nyght lay that proud shryfe
 In his breche and in his therte
 No wonder it was in grene wood
 & ho his spydes do smarte
 Make glad sayd Robyn hooke
 Shryfe for charitie
 For this is our orderyng
 Under the grene wood tree
 This is harder order sayd shryfe
 Than any ancre or free
 For at the goldetun mery Englande
 I would not dwell longe here
 All these twelve monethes sayd Robyn
 Thou shalt dwell wth me
 I shall the teache proude shryfe
 An outlawe for to be
 Or I here another night lye sayd the shryfe
 Robyn nobre I pray the
 Emyle of my head rather to morne

And

And I forgette it thee
Let me go than sayd the hyrle
For saynt charitie
And I wyl be the best frende
that euer yet hadye
Thou shalt sweare me an othe said
On me bryght brande, (Robyn
thou shalt neuer wayte me shathe
By water nor by lande
and if thou fynde any of my men
By myght or by daye
Upon thine othe thou shalt sweare
to helpe them that thou may
Now hath the shiriffe worchis oth
and home began to gone
He was as ful of grene wood
as euer was any man

¶ The fourth fyfte

The herise dwelled in no ighs
He was sayne & he was gone
and Robyn and his mery men
Went to wood anone
Go we to dynner sayd lytle John
Robyn sayde nay
for I drede our lady be wroth w me
for she sent me not my pay
Haue no doubt maister said litel John
yet is not the sunne at rest
For I dare say and safely sweare
The knyght is true and trust
Take thy bow in thy hande sayd Robyn
Let Guyche wende with thee

And so shall william Scathe Locke
And no man abyde with me
And vp into the sayles
and to watlyng strete
and loke for some stratinge gest
By chaunce you may them mete
Whether he be messengere
Or man that myrthes can
Or if he be a poore man
Of my good he shal haue some
Forth than sterte ytell John
Halfe in fraye and tent
And gyrd him w a full good swerde
Under a mantell of grene
They went than vnto the Sayles
These yemen all thre
They loked East they loked West
Thei might no man see
But as he loked in Babiloale
By the hye waye
Then were they ware of two blacke monkes
Eche on a good pallsray
Then bespake ytell John
To muche he can saye
I dare lay my lyfe to wedde
That these monkes haue brought our pay
Make glad cherre sayde ytell John
And bende we our bowes of trewe
And loke your harte bespake and lad
your strynges trusty and trewe
The monke hath but .lii. men
and seuen sommers full stronge

There

There rydeth no byshop in this lande
 So royall I vnderstande
 Brethernes sayd lytell John
 Here are no more but we thre
 But we byryng them to dyner
 Our master dare we not se
 Bende your bowes sayd lytell John
 Make you yonder pryde to stande
 The for most monke his lyfe and his deeth
 Is closed in my hande
 A byde choyle monke sayd lytel John
 No ferther that thou gone
 If thou doest by dere worthy god
 Thy death is in my hande
 An euell thyft on thy head sayd lytell John
 Ryght vnder the hattes bonde
 For thou hast made our maister woith
 He is fastyng so longe
 What hyght your maister sayd the monke
 Lytell John sayd Robyn hode
 He is a strong thefe sayd the monke
 Of him herd I neuer good
 Thou lreft than sayd lytell John
 And that shall sore rewe thee
 He is a yeman of the forrest
 To dyne he hath hode thee
 Muche was ready with a bowe
 Redy and a none
 He set the monke tofore the brest
 To the ground he gan gone
 Of two and fiftie wyght yemen
 There abode but one

Some

Sate a lytle page, and a grome
To lede the somers with litell John
They brought the monke to the looge doore
Whpyther he were lothe or lese
For to speke wyth Robyn hode
Dauger in their teth
Robyn dpyd dōwne his hode
The monke whan he did see
The monke was not so cuttepyse
His hode than let he be
He is a churche maister by dere worth
Than sayd lytel John
therof no fore
for cuttepyse can he now
Had this monke John
fyrst and t wo. whan that we met
But many of them begen
Let knowe we an hōme sayd Robin
that felowshyppe may vs knowe
Seuen score of myght yemen
Came pryckynge on a rowe
and euery chep of them a good mātrel
Of scarlet and of raye
all they came to good Robyn
to wete what he would saye
the made þ monke to wasche & wype
and syt at his dynere
Robyn hode
They serued them bothe in fere
Do gladly monke sayd Robyn
Gramercy sayd he
smock where

where is your abbay when ye are at
and who is your attorne (home)
Saynt ~~John~~ abbay said the monke
though I be semple here
In what assyre said Robyn
Syz the hye Seletere
ye be the more welcome sayde Robyn
So mote I thyrue or the
Spill of the best wyne sayd Robyn
this monke shall drinke to me
But I haue great matuel said robin
Of all this long day
I drede our Ladye be trooth with me
She sent me not my pay
Haue no dought maister sayd I tell
you nede not so to saye (To be)
this monke hath brought it I dare wel
for he is of her abbay (were)
She was a borowhe sayd Robyn
Betwene a knight and me
Of a lytel money that I hym lent
Under the grene wood tree
and if thou hast that spuer broughte
I pray the let me se
and I shall helpe the est agayne
If thou haue nede of me
the monke swore a full great othe
wyth a soyr chere
of the borow hode thou spekest to me
Herde I neuer ere
I make mine arow to god said Robyn
Monke thou art to blame

For god is holde a right wife man
 And so is his dame
 thou toldest with thine owne tongue
 thou mayest not say nay
 How thou art her seruant
 and seruest her euery day
 And thou art her messenger
 My money for to pay
 therefore I do the thanke
 thou art come at thy day
 What is my one cokers sayd Robin
 true than tell thou me
 Syr he sayd twenty marke
 So more I thyrue of the
 If there be no more sayd Robin
 I wyl not ont one penny
 If thou hast neede of any more
 Syr more hall I lende thee
 and if I fyne more sayd Robin
 ywys thou halt it for gone
 for of thy spendyngge syluer monk
 therof I wyl haue none
 Go nowe forth lytell John
 and the trenthe tell thou me
 If ther be no more but tweti mark
 No penny that I see
 Lytell John sayd his mantel down
 as he had done before
 and tolde out of the mynkes male
 Eght hundreth poundes and more
 Lytell John let it lye full styl
 and went to his maister in hall

Syr he sayde the monke is it true nowe
 Our lady hath doubled your cost
 I make myne auowe to god sayd Robyn
 Monke that tolde I the
 Quic lady is the trust woman
 That euer yet sounde I me
 By dere worthy god sayd Robyn
 To seche al england throuwe
 yet sounde I neuer to my pay
 A muche better borowe
 fil of the best wine & do him drinke sayd robin
 And greete well thy ladye hende
 And if she haue nede of robyn hod
 A frende she shall hym fynde
 ad she haue nede of any moze spluer
 Come thou agayne to me
 And by this token he hath me sent
 She shall haue suche thre
 the monk was going to Lodd ward
 there to holde great mote
 the knyght that rode so by on horse
 to bringe him vnder fote
 whether he ye away sayd robyn
 Syr to Banars in this lande
 to reken with our reuers
 that haue done muche wrong
 Come nowe for the yettill John
 and herken to my tale
 a better yeman I knowe none
 to seke a monkes male
 and what is on the other courteser sayd robyn
 the sothe we must se

By our lady sayd the monke
That were no curtesye
To bydde a man to dyner
and sytthe hym bete and bynde
It is our olde maner sayd robyn
To leue but litell behynde
The monke toke the hourse with spote
No lenger would abyde
aske to drynke than sayd robyn
O that ye farther ryde
Nay for god than sayd the monke
We rueth I came soure
For better chepe I myght haue dynd
In Wylthe o: Dankelstere
Grette well your abbot sayd Robyn
and pour pr your I you praye
and byd him send me suche a monke
To dyner euery daye
Now let we that monke be still
and speke we of that knyght
yet he came to holde his day
whyle that it was lyght
he did him streyght to Bernisbale
Under the grene wood tree
and he founde there Robyn hode
and all his mery meyne
The knight light fro his good palfrey
Robyn tohan he can se
right curtesly he did a downe his hode
and set him on his kne
God the saue good robyn hode
and al thyng company

Welcom

Welcome be thou gentyl knyght
 And ryght welcome to me
 Than bespake him good Robin hoode
 To that knyght so fre
 What neede dreith the to greene woode
 I pray the syr knyght tell me
 And welcome be thou gentyl knyght
 Why hast thou be so longe
 For the abbat and the hye Iustyce
 They would haue had my lande
 Hast thou thy land agayne sayd Robin
 Truthe than tell thou me
 ye for god than sayd the knyght
 and thanke I god and the
 But take no greife and the knyght
 That I haue be so longe
 I came by a wayllynge
 and there I dyd helpe a poore yeman
 with wronge was put behynde
 Now by my truthe than sayd Robin
 For that knyght thanke I the
 what man that helpe th a good yeman
 His frende than wyl I be
 Haue here .cccc. poundes then said the
 The which he lent to me (knyght
 and there is also a marke for your cur
 Ray for god sayd Robin (telye
 Thou broke it well for aye
 For our lady shee high seletere
 Hath sent to me my paye
 and I shoulde take it thyse
 a shame it were to me

But truly gentyl knyghte
Welcome thou art to me
And Iohan robyn had tolde his take
He laughed and made good chere
By my truthe than sayd the knyght
your money is ready here
Broke it well sayd robyn
Thou gentyl knight so free
And welcome be thou gentill knyghte
Under this trassly tree. (robyn
But what shall these bowes do sayde
And these arrowes lethered tree
By god than sayde the gentyl knyght
A poore present to thee
Come now forth lytel John
My wyll done that it be. (poundes
Go and fetch to me four hundred the
The monke ouerfolde it me
Haue here four hundred pounde
Thou gentyl knight and true
And bye the a horse and harnes good
and gilt the spoures all newe
and if thou sayle any spendeng
Come to robyn hode
and by my truth thou shalt none faile
the whyles I haue any good
and broke wel thy.iiii.hundred pound
whiche I dyd lende to the
And make thy selfe no more so bare
By the counsayl of me
thus then holpe him good robyn
the knyght of all his care

God that sytteth in heauen hye
Braunt vs wel to face

The felfth syte.

Now hath the knight his leue take
And wente him on his waye
Robyn hode and his mery men
Dwelld still full many a day
Lyth and lysten gentyl men
and heeren what I shall saye
How the proude thyrife of Notinghā
Byd crye a full fayr playe
That all the best archyrs of y North
Should come vpon a daye
and they that shote al of the best
The best shall bere awaye
He that shoteth al of the best
furthest saye and lowe
at a paye of goodly buttes
Under the grene wood shawe
aright good as we he shall haue
The hant of siluer whyte
the head and fethers of riche red gold
In Englande is none lyke
this then herde good Robyn
Under his trusty tree
Make you ready pou wyght yemen
that shotyng wyl I see
Buske pou my mery yemen
ye shall go with me
and I shall knowe the thyryfes say the
true and if he be
when they had their bowes ybende :

Their arrowes lethere free
Seven score of wight penen
Stod by Robyns knee
Whent they chide to Moting hard
The buttes were layre and longed on
Many was the bolde archers
that shot with bowes stronge
there shall but syr Hote with me
the other shall kepe my heade
And stand with good bow bent
that I be not decepted
the forth outlawe his bow can bend
And that was roben hode
and that behelde the proude shirte
all by the butte as he stole
thuse Robyn hos a boue
And alway he cleft the wande
and so dyd good Gylbert
with the lilly white hande
Lytel John and good Stathelocke
were archers good and free
Lytel Melle and good Kerpolden
the worst would they not be
whan that they had spose adoun
these archers layre and good
Euermore than was the best
Forsoth good Robin hode
to him was deputed the good arrow
for best worthy was he
He toke the good full curteply
to grene wood than would he
they cryed out on Robyn hode

and great hornes gan the blowe
wo worthe the treason sayd Robyn
Full euyl thou art to knowe
and wo be thou, thou proude hirise
Thus chering thy gelt
another promysse thou made to me
within the wylde forest
But and I had þ in the grene forest
Under my trusty tree
thou shuldest me leue a better wed
Than thy trewe lewte
Full many a bowe there was bent
And arrowes let they glyde
Many a kyrtel there was rent
And hurte many a syde
The outlawes thofe was so strong
That no man myght them dyspue
and the proude hirises men
they fled a way helyue
robyn sawe the bushment to broke
In grene wod he woulde haue be
Many an arowe ther was shot
amonge the company
Lytel John he was shot ful sore
wyth an arowe in the knee
that he might neyther go nor ryde
It was full great pitie
Mayster then sayd lytel John
If euer thou loues me
and for that ylike lordes loue
That dyed vpon a tree
and for the medes of my seruyces

That I haue serued the
Let neuer the proude chirife
alyue nowe to synde me
But take out thy browne sworde
and smite thou of my head
and giue me woundes so wode longe
that I after eate no breade
I would not sayd Robyn
John that thou were slayne
For all the golde in uery England
though I had it all by me
God forbyd that sayd lytel
that dyed on a tree
that thou shouldest lytell John
Depart our company
Up he took hym on his backe
and bare hym well a myle
As my atyme he layde hym downe
and shot another a whyle
Then was there a fayre castell
a lytle withyn the wood
Double dyched it was aboute
and walled by the rood
and there dweled that gentyl knyght
Syr Rychard at the Lee
That Robyn had lent his good
Under the grene wood tree
In he took good Robyn
and all his company
welcome be thou Robyn hood
welcome art thou me
I do the thankes for thy comfert

and for thy curtesye
 and for thy great kindnes
 Under the grene wood tree
 I loue no man in al the world
 So muche as I do thee
 For all þy proude thyryfe of Notinghā
 Right here shalt thou be
 Shutte the gates & drawe the brydge
 and let no man come in
 and arme you well & make you redy
 and to the wallye wynt
 For one thyng Robyn I the hote
 If were by saynt Quintine
 thou shalt these .x. dayes abide wth
 to suppe, eate a dinst. (me
 Bordes were laid & clothes were spred
 Redye and anone
 Robyn hode and his mery men
 To meate & an they gone

¶ The sixte tytte.

Lythe and lysten gentyl men
 and herken vnto the songe
 Howe the proude Shirife began
 and men of armes stronge
 Full fast came to the hye Shirife
 the countrey hy to route
 and they beset the knyghtes castell
 The walles all aboute
 the proude Shirife loude canctye
 and sayd thou traytoure knyght
 Thou kepest there þy kynges enemies
 agaynll the lawes and ryght

Syr I wyl allow that I haue done
The dedes that here be dyght
Upon all the laudes that I haue
As I am true knyght
Wende forth syrs on your way
and do y e no more vnto me
Tyll you wete our kynges wyl
what he wyl say to the
the thirfe thus had his answer
withouth any lesyng
forth he went to London towne
All for to tell our kyng
there he told him of that knyght
and eke of Robyn hode
and also of the bolde archers
that noble were and good
He wolde allow that he had done
to mayntayne the out lawes strong
he wold be lord & set you at nought
In all the North lande
I wyl be at Notingham sayd y king
within this fourte nyght
and take I wyl Robyn hode
and so I will that knyght
Go home thou woude thyr yfe
And do as I the bydde
and orderne good archers ynow
Of all the wyde countre
the thyr yfe had his leuc ytake
and went him on his way
and Robyn hode to grene wode
Upon a certayn daye

And

and lrtel John was hole of the arrowe
That shot was in his kne
and did him strenght to Robyn hode
Under the grene wood tree
Robyn hode walked in the forrest
Under the leues grene
The proude Shirife of Nottingham
Therefore he had great tene
þ Shirife ther he fauled of Robyn hode
He might not haue his praye
then he awayted that gentyl knyght
Both by nyght and by daye
But he awayted that gentyl knyght
Syr richard at the Lee
as he went on hariking by þ riuer side
and let his hauke flye
to be there this gentil knight
with men of armes stronge
and lad him home to Notighā warde
ybound both foote and hande
the shyrife swore a full great othe
By him that died on a tree
He had letter then an hūdr̄eth poude
that robin hode had he
then the lady the knyghtes wīfe
a fayre lady and free
She set her on a good palfray
to grenewood anone rode shee
when she came to the forrest
Under the grene wood tree
there found she Robyn hode
and all his fayre company

God thy laue good Robyn yooe
And all thy company
For our dere ladyes loue
A bone graunt thou me
Let thou neuer my wedded lord
Shamfully slayne to be
He is fast bound to Notinghā warde
For the loue of the
anone than sayd good Robyn
to that lady fre
what man hath your lordc ytake
The proude shirife than sayd she
He is not yet passed thre myles
you may them ouer take
Up than starte good Robyn
as a man that had be wode
But ke you my mery yemen
• For hym that dyed on a tree
And he that this sorowe forsaketh
By hym that dyed on a tree
And by him that al thinges maketh
No lenger shall dwell with me
soone ther were good bowes ybente
No than seuen score
Hedge ne dytche spared they none
that was them before
I make mine auowe to god sayd Robyn
the knight would I sayne see
and yf ye he may him take
yquite than shall he bee
and whan they came to Notingham
they walked in the strete

and

and with the proude thirite wys
 Soone gan the mete
 Abyde thou proude thyrpe he sayd
 Abyde and speake with me
 Of some tydinges of our kinge
 I wolde saye here of the
 Thys seuen yere by dere worthy god
 Ne yede I so fast on fote
 I make myne auowe to god þ proude
 That is not for thy good (thirite
 Robin bente a good bowe
 An arow he drew at his wyl
 He hyt so the proude thyrpe
 Upon the grounde he lay full still
 And o he might by arpe
 On his fete to stande
 He smote of the thyrpes head
 with hys bright bronde
 Lye thou there thou proude thyrpe
 Eyll may thou thryue
 there might no man to the trust
 the whyles thou wast alyue
 His mē drew out ther bright swordes
 that were so sharpe and kene
 and layde on the thyrpes men
 and dryued them downe by dene
 Robyn start to that knight
 And cut into his bande
 And toke him in his hande a bowe
 and hade him by him stande
 Leue thy horse the behynde
 and learne for to renne

Thou shalt with me to grene wode
Throug myre molle and fene
Thou shalt with me to grene wode
wythout any leasyng
tyll that I haile get vs grace
Of Edward our comely kynge

¶ The. vii. tytte.

The kyng came to Nottingham
with knightes in great aray
For to take that gentyll knight
and Robin hode if he may
He asked them of that countrei
After Robin hode
and after that gentyll knyght
that was so bolde and stout
whan they had tolde him the case
Our kynge vnderstode their tale
and ceased in his hande
The knightes landes all
all the compaTe of of Lankell hire
He wend both farre and nere
Tyl he came to Blomton parke
He sayled many of his dere
ther our kynge was wont to se
herdes many a one
He could vnneth fynde any dere
that bare any good horne
the kyng was wonder wrothe withall
and swore by the trinitie
I would I had Robin hode
wyth eyes I might him see
and he þ would smite of the knightes

(heade

And brynge it to mee
He should haue þ knyghtes landes
Syr Rycharde at they le
I geue it hym with my charter
and seale it with my hande
To haue and holde for euer more
In al mery Englande
than bespake a fayre old knyght
that was true in his fay
a my legelord the kynge.
One worde I shall you say
there is no man in this countrey
May haue the knyghtes landes
whyle Robin hode may ride or gon
And beare a bowe in his handes
that he ne shall lose his heade
that is the best ball in his hoode
Giue it to no man my lord þ kynge
that ye wyll any good
Halfe a yere dwelled our cōly kyng
In Nottingham and well more
Could hy not here of Robyn hoode
In what countre that he were
But allway went god Robyn
By halfe and eke by hyll
And all way flewe the knynges dere
and vsed them at hyr wyll
than bespake a proude fostere
that stode by our knynges kne
If ye wyll se good Robyn
you must do after me
Take liue of the best knyghtes

That

That we be in your lede
and walked downe by your abbay
and get you monkes wede
and I wyl be your lodes man
and lede you on the waye
and or ye come to Nottingham
my heade then dare I save
That ye shall mete with good Robin
On lyue yf that he be
or ye come to Nottingham
with eyes ye shall him see
Full hastily our kyng was dyght
So were his knyghtes fyue
They were all in monkes wede
and hasted them thither blythe
our kyng was great aboute his cole
a brode hat on his crowne
Right as he were a bbot lyke
They rode vp into the towne
Styffe botes our king had one
Forsothe as I you saye
He rode syngyng to grene wood
The couent was clothed in gray
His male horse and his great samers
Followed our kyng behynde
Tyl they came to grenewood
a mile vnder the lynde
There they met with good Robin
Standinge by the waye
and so dyd many a holde archere
Forsothe as I you saye
Robyn the kynges horse

Hauey in that stede
And saed Syr abbot by your leue
a whyle you must abyde
we be yemen of this forest
Under the grene wode tree
we leue by our kynges dere
O thet I pithane not we
And ye haue churches & ceteres both
and good full great plente
Geue vs some of your spendyng
for saynt charite
Than bespake our comely kyng
anone than sayd he
I brought no more to grene wode
But fourty pound with me
I haue layne at Nottingham
This fourtynight with our kyng
and spend I haue muche good
On many a great lordyng
and I haue but fourty pounde
No more than haue I me
But if I had a hundreth pounde
I would geue it to the
Robyn toke the fourty pounde
and deliude it than did he
Halfe he gaue to his mery men
and had them mery to be
Full curteously Robyn gan say
Syr haue this for your spendyng
we shall mete an other day
Gramercy than sayd our kyng
But well the greteth Edward our kyng
G. l. He hath

He hath sent to the his sacre
and biddeth the come Nottingham
Both to meate and to mele
He toke out the brode scale
and sone he let me se
Not in could his curtesye
And set him on his knee
I loue no man in all the world
So well as I do my kynge
welcome is my lordes scale
and monke for thy tydyng
Syr abbot for thy tydynges
to day thou shalt dyne with me
for the loue of my kynge
Under my trusty tree
for he had our comely kyng
full fayre by the hande
Many a dere ther was slayne
and full fast was dyghtande
Robyn toke a full great hoine
And loude he can it blowe
Seuen score of wight yemen
Came runnyng on a row
All they kneled on their knee
Full fayre before Robin
The kyng said him selfe vntill
And swore by saint Austyn
Here is a wonder semely syghte
We thynketh by goddes pene
His men are more at his tyddyng
than my men be at mine
Full halcy was their dyner dyght

And therto can they gone
 They serted our kyng with all theie
 Both Robin and lytel John (might
 anone befoze our kyng was set
 The fatte venyson
 The good whit bread & good red win
 And therto the fyne ale browne
 Make good there sayd Robin
 Abbot for charitie
 And for this ylike tydyng
 Blessed may thou be
 Nowe shalt thou se what lyfe we lede
 Or that thou hence wende
 than thou maiest ensourm our kyng
 whan ye together by lente
 Up they stee all in hast
 their bowes were smartely bente
 Our kyng was neuer so soze agan
 He wende to haue ben thente
 Two perdes there werd vp set
 therto can the gange
 So fyst space our kyng sayde
 the markes were to longe
 On euery syde a rose garlande
 the shot vnder the lyne
 who so faileth of the rose garland said
 Hes takyll he shal tyme Robyn
 And yelde it to his m. after
 Be it neuer so frne
 For no man wyll I spare
 So drynke I ale or wyne
 A good buffet on his head bare

C.ii.

For that Malbe his tyme
and those that fell to Robyns lot
He smote them wonder sare
Thyle Robyn shot a bout
and euer he cleued the wande
and so did good Gilbert
with the lilly white hande
Lytell John and good Scathelocke
For nothing would they spare
whan they sayled of the garland
Robyn smote them full sare
at the last shot that Robyn shot
For all his frendes sare
yet he sayled the garlande
Thre syngers and more
than bespake good Gilberte
and than he gan say
Maister he said your takill is lost
Stande forth and take your pay
If it be so saide Robin
that may no better be
Syr abbot I deliuer the mine ar^{owe}
I pray the serue thou me
It falleth not for mine order saide the
Robin by thyleue (kyng)
For to smite no good yeman
For doubt I should him greue
Synge on boldly saide robin
I geue the largely leue
None our king with that worde
He solded vphis sleue
And stiche a buffet he geue Robyn

— To ground ye pede full nere
I make mine auow to god said robb
thou art a tall frere
Ther is pith in thine arme said robb
I trowe thou can wel hote
Thus our king and Robin hode
together they gan mete
Robyn behelde our comely kyng
Stedfastly in the face
So did sye Richard at the Lee
and kneled downe in that place
and so did all the wild outlawes
whan they sawe them knele
My lord the kyng of Englande
Now I knowe you wele
Mercy than sayd robin to our king
Under this trusty tree
Of thy goodnesse and thy grace
for my men and for me
and yet sayd good robin
as good god do me saue
I aske the mercy my lord the kyng
and for my men I it craue
yes for god sayd our kyng
Thy petition I graunt the
So þ thou wylt leue the grene woode
and all thy company
and come home to my court
There to dwell with me
I make mine auowe to god sayd robb
and ryght so shall it be
I wyl come to your court

your seruyce for to le
And bryng with me of my men
• Seuen score and thre
But and I lyke not your seruyce
I wyl come agayne full soone
And shote at the dunne dere
as I was wont to done

The. viii. sytte kyng
Hast þ any grene cloth said our
That þ wylte now sell to me
ye for god sayde Robyn
Chyrtz yerdes and thre
Robyn sayd our kyng
Now pray I the
To sel to me some of that cloth
To me and my meyny
yes for good than said Robyn
Or els I were a foole
and other day ye wyl me cloth
I trowe agaynst the pole
the kyng cast of his cote than
a grene garment he dyd on
and ettery knight had so pwpys
they clothed them full soone
whan they were clothed in Lincoln
they cast away ther gray (grene
Now shal we to Notyngham
all this our kyng can say
the bent their bowes and forth they
Shotidg all in fere (went
toward the town of Notyngham
Outlawes as they were

Our kyng & Robyn rode together:
For soth and as I you say
And all they shot plicke buffet.
As they wente by the way
and many abuffet our kyng wan
Of Robyn hode that daye
and nothyng spared good Robin
Our kyng whan he did paye
So god me helpe sayd the kyng
Thy game is nought to lere
I thou'd not get a shote of the
Though I shote all this vere
All the people of Nottingham.
they stode and beheld
they sawe nothinge but mantels of
That couered all the felde grene
than euery man to the other cā say
I dede oure kyng besone
Come robyn hode to the towne wis
On lyue he leueth not one
Full hastely they began to fle
Both yemen and knaues
and olde wyues that might euill go
Thei hypped on their staues
The kyng lough ful fast
and commaunded them to come agayne
whan they sawe our comely kyng
þat they were full fayne
Thei ate and dranke and made them glad
and longe with notes hye
than bespake our comely kyng
To syr Rycharde of the le

He gars

He gaue him there his lande agayne
A good man he had him be
Robin hode thanked our comely king
And set him on his knee
Robin hode dwelleth in þe kinges court
Both twelue monethes and three
that he had spent an hundreth pound
and all his mennes fee
In euery place where Robine came
Euermore he lay downe
Bothe for knyghtes & squyers
To get him a great renowne
By than the yere was all gone
He hadde no man but twayne
Lytel John and good scathelocke
wyth hym all for to gone
Robin sawe yonge men hote
Full fayre vpon a day
alas than said good Robin
My welthe is wenda way
Sometime I was an archer good
a styffe and eke a stronge
I was comended for the best archer
That was in mery Englande
alas than sayd good Robin
alas what shall I do
If I dwell lenger with the kinge
Sorrowe wyll me do
Forth than went Robin hode
Tell he came to our king
My lord the kyng of Englande
Graunt me my askyng

I made a Chapell in Bernisdale
That semely is to se
It is of Mary Magdalene
and there would I faene be
I might no time this seven nightes
No time to slepe ne wyake
Neither all this seven dayes
Noher eate nor drynke
We longeth sore to Bernisdale
I may not be ther fro
Bare fote & wolward harie I hight
thether for to go
If it be so than sayd our kyng
It may no beter be
Seven nyghtes I geue the leue
No lenger to dwell fro me
Gramercy lord than sayd Robyn
and set him on his kne
He toke his leue full curteesly
To grene wode than went he
whan he came to grene wode
In a mery mornynge
There he harde the notes small
Of byrdes mery syngynge
It is farre gon sayd Robyn
That I was last here
I haue a lyttell lust for to mote
at the doune dere
Robyn slew a full great harte
His horne than can he blowe
that all the outlawes of that forrest
that horn e could they knowe

H. l.

and

And gadred them together
In a tyll thowe
Seuen score of wyght yemen
Came turning on a rothe
and laye dyd of their hodes
and set them on their kne
welcome they sayde our maister
Under the grene wood tre
Robin dwelleth in grene wode
twenty yeres and two
than for drede of Edward our kyng
Agayne would he not go
yet he was beggled wyth
through a wicked woman
the pryoresse of kyrykelly
that nye was of his kynne
For the loue of a knight
Syr Roger of Donkester
For euill mot thou the
they toke together their counsaill
Robin hode for to slee
and howe thei might best do þe dede
his banes for to be
than belpake good Robin
In place where as he stode
to morowe I must to kyrykelly
Craftely to be letten bloude
Syr Roger of Donkestere
By the pryores he laye
and there they betrayed good Robin hode

For you go their tale playe
Christ haue mercy on his soule
That dyed on the roode
For he was a good outlawe
And dyd poore men muche good.

Thus endeth the lyfe of
Robyn hode



of Robyn hode, herpe

proper to be played

in Mayegames.

Robyn hode.

(all



Stand ye forth my mery men
and harken what I shall say

Of an adventure I shal you tell
the which befell this other day
as I went by the hygh way with

a stoute frere I met

and a quarter staffe in his hande

Lyghtely to me he lept

and styll he hade me stande

There were stryppes two or thre

But I can not tell who had the worse

But well I wote the horsen lepte within me

and from me he toke my purse

Is there any of my mery men all

That to that frere wyl go

and bryng him to me forth withall whether he

(wyl or no

¶ Tell John

yes mayster I make god allowe

To that frere wyl I go

and bryng him to you whether he wyl or no

¶ Fryer tucke

Deus hic, deus hic, god be here

Is not

God saue all this compay

But am not I a lolly fryer

For I can shote both farre and nere
and handle the sworde and buckler
and this quarter staffe also

If I mete with a gentylman or yema

I am not asrayde to loke hym vpon

Nor holdly with him to carpe

If he speake any wordes to me

He shall haue stryppes two or thre

That shal make his body smarte

But maister to shew you the matter

wherfore and why I am come hither

In sayth I wyl not spare

I am come to seke a good yeman

In Bernisdale me sai is his habitacio

His name is Robyn hode

and if that he be better man than I

His seruauit wyl I be and serue him truly

But if that I be better man than he

By my truth my knaue shall he be

and leade these dogges all thre

Robyn hode.

yelde the fryer in thy long cote

fryer tucke

I be shew thy hart knaue, & hurttest my throt

Robyn hode

I trowe fryer thou beginnest to dote

who made the so malapert and so holde

To come into this forrest here

amonge my salowe dere

H.iii.

fryer

Frper.

Goloufe the ragged knaue
If thou make mani wordes I wil geue þ on þ
Though I be but a pooze frper (eare
To seke Robyn hode I am com here
And to him my hart to breke

Robyn hode.

Thou lousy frer what wouldest thou w hym
He neuer loued i frer nor none of freiers kyn

Frper.

Quaint ye ragged knaue
O ye shall haue on the skynne

Robyn hode.

O all the men in the morning þ art the worst
To mete with the I haue no lust
For he that meteth a frere or a for in þ morning
To spede ell that day he standeth in ieoperdy
Therefore I had leuer mete with þ deuil of hell
Frper I tell the as I thinke
Then mete with a frper or a for in a momyng
O I drynke

Frper.

Quasit thou ragged knaue this is but a mock
If you make mii words you shal haue a knock
Robyn hode

Harke frere wha t I say here
Ouer this water thou shalt me bere
The bydge is bozge away

Frper,

To say nape I wyll not
To let the of thine oth it were great pitie & sin
But vpon a fryers backe and haue euen in
Robyn

Robyn hode.

May haue ouer

frper

Now am I frere Win ad thou Robi without
To lay the here I haue no great doubt.

Now art thou Robyn without, & I frere Win
I ye ther knaue chose whether y wilte sinke or

Robyn hode.

(I w m

why thou lowly frere what hast thou donce

frper.

mary set a knaue ouer the shone

Robyn hode

Therfore thou aby

frper

why wilt thou fyght a plucke

Robyn hode.

and god send me good lucke.

frper.

Chan haue a stroke for frper tucke

Robyn hode.

Holde thy hande frere and here me speke

frper.

Saye on ragged knaue

me semeth ye begyn to swete

Robyn hode.

In this forest I haue a hounde

I wyl not giue him for an hundreth pound

Geue me leue my horne to blowe.

That my hounde may knowe

frper.

Blowe on ragged knaue without any doubt

Untyll bothe thyne eyes starte out.

H.iii.

Here be a sorte of ragged knaues come in
Clothed all in kendale grene
And to the they take their way nowe

Robyn hode

Peradventure they do so

¶ Fryer.

I gaue the lette to blowe at thy wyll
Now giue me leue to whiffell my fyl

¶ Robyn hode.

whiffell frere euyl mote thou face
Un tyll bothe thyne eyes starte

¶ Fryer

Now cut and haue

Bring forth the clubbes and staues
And downe with those ragged knaues

Robyn hode.

How sayest thou frere wylt thou be my man

To do me the best seruyse thou can

Thou shalt haue both golde and fee
and also here is a Lady free

I wyl geue her vnto the

And her chapplayn I the make

To serue her for my sake

¶ Fryer

(ste

Here is an huckle duckletan inch aboue þ but

she is a trul of trust, to serue a frier at his lull

a pycker a pryncer a terer of shes

a wagger of hallokes when other men sleepes

Go home ye knaues and lay crabbes in þ fyre

For my lady & I wil daunce in þ myre for veri

¶ Robyn hode

(pure ioye

Lyffen to my mery men all

and harken what I shall say

De

that befell this other daye
with a proude potter I met
And arose garlande on his head
the flouris of it shone maruaylous freshe
this seuen yere & moze he hath vbled this waye
yet was he neuer so cunterfe a potter
as one peny passage to paye
Is there any of my mery men all
That dare be so bolde
to make þe potter paie passage either siluer or

¶ Lytell John.

(golde

Not I master for twenty pound redy tolde
for there is not among vs al one
that dare medle with that potter man for mē
I felt his handes not long agoe
But I had leuer haue ben here by the
Therefore I knowe what he is
Mete him whē ye wil or mete him whē ye shal
He is as propre a man as euer you medle Wal

Robyn hode.

I will lat with the litel John .xx. pound so read
If I wyth that potter mete
I wil make him pay passage maugre his head

¶ Lettell John.

I consente thereto so eate I bread
If he pay passage maugre his head
Twenti pound hall ye haue of me for your mede

¶ The potters boye Iacke

Out alas that euer I sawe this daye.

¶ A. l.

¶ For

From Notyngham towne
If I hve me not the faster
O I come there the maypet wel be done

Robyn hode

Let me se are the pottes hole and sounde

Jacke

yea meiller but they will not breake the groun

Robyn hode

I wil the breake for þi cuckold thi maisters sake
And if they will not breake the grounde
thou shalt haue thre pence for a pound

Jacke

Out alas what have ye done

If my mailler come he will breake your crowne
the potter

why thou horse son art thou here yet
thou shouldest haue bene at market

Jacke

I met with robin hode a good yeman
He hath broken my pottes
And called you cuckolde by your name

The potter

Thou mayst be a gentylman so god me save

But thou seemest a noughty knave

Thou callest me cuckolde by my name

and I sweare by God and saynt John

wyle had I neuer none

This cannot I denye

But if thou be a good felowe

I wil sel mi horse and harnais pottes a paniers

Then

If thou be not so content (other
Thou shalt haue stripes if þ were my brother

Robynhode

Harke potter what I shall say
this seuen yere and more þ hast vsed this way
yet were thou neuer so curteous to me
As one penny passage to paye

the potter

why should I paye passage to thee

Robynhode

For I am Robynhode chiefe gouernour

Under the grene woode tree

the potter.

this seuen yere haue I vsed this way by and
yet payed I passage to no man (downe

For now I wyll not beginne to do þ worst þ can

Robynhode.

passage shalt thou pai here vnder þ grē woode
Or els thou shalt leue a wedded with me (tre

the potter

If thou be a good felowe as men do the call

Laye awake thy bowe

And take thy sword and buckeler in thy hande

And se what shall befall

robin hode

Lyttle John where art thou

Lyttell

Here mayster I make god allowe

I tolde your mayster so god me saue

that you shoulde fynde the potter a knaue

holde

And I wyll fly by you stande
Ready for to fyghte
Be the knaue neuer so stoute
I shall rappe him on the snoute
And put hym to flyghte

Thus endeth the play of
Robyn Hode

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